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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

## THE THANKSGIVING OF TO-DAY.

Thanksgiving Day resembles Fourth of July not only in the respect that it comes once a year, but in that it is now, thanks to college football and other regular events of the day, accompanied by a good deal of merriment.

It is not the Thanksgiving of old that we celebrate generally in these times. There are exercises incident to the day which might prove shocking to some good men and women of earlier generations, who accepted this annually recurring occasion as a sort of extra Sunday. But this would only be because of the ritual change of custom.

It has not hurt Thanksgiving Day to put dash and sport into its observance. Its conversion into a real red-letter day has nothing of the spirit of irreverence. Only a hopeful, healthful people will care for or indulge in active, blood-stirring sports. And people who are healthy and hopeful are, perforce, thankful, though they may not say it in so many words.

The Thanksgiving of to-day is a broader, more cheerful day than that of our grandfathers. The man who has no family reunion to attend, no family board to sit down to is no longer out of place for the time being. The diversity of entertainment offered indoors and out has something for everybody, and thankfulness need not in anybody's breast be drowned out by loneliness or homesickness.

## THE GAME OF FOOTBALL.

The Thanksgiving dinners of a great many people will be late to-day because those people insist on staying to the very last kick in the great Yale-Princeton football game. But how appetites will be sharpened even by a spectatorship at that stirring struggle at Manhattan Field, and how enjoyment of the feast will be heightened by the lively flow of the after-talk based upon the game.

And for the participants? Well, the one side must be inspired by the sense of victory won and championship attained. The other—well, it will be a great game lost, but they will have made it go hard, and they will have a long time before next Thanksgiving in which to prepare for a possible reversal of the result.

Football is a game worthy of any nation's holidays, as American college boys play it. Brain and brawn both have place in it. It is a game calculated to develop both manliness and muscle. Long may it hold its place on the calendar of sports and long may its exponents live to vent their enthusiasm over the exploits of their successors when their own playing days are over.

Two Connecticut youths slashed each other black and blue with whalebone whips as a test of grit. Neither would give up. Kind friends should have taken up the lashing where they dropped it, in an earnest test for common sense.

The majestic teaches the November gales that she's an ocean queen even in this season of the year. Rough weather only knocks a couple of hours off her record to New York.

A Chicago butcher has been arrested for selling pickled horseflesh as corned beef. His conviction will make it "hoss and hoss" between him and the people he has fooled.

The town became painted with the blue of Yale and the orange and black of Princeton early this morning. A coat of red is expected for to-night, after the football is over.

A little girl has recovered \$1,000 damages in City Court for a lost toy. "This little pig went to market," as they say over the baby's toe, and it brought a pretty fair rate.

A man named SHADROTH has died in Washington aged one hundred and thirty years. There may still be hope of finding MISCHAM and ARDREZZO.

What with its massacres and decapitations and the like, China must be a great country for the breeding of nightmares, these times.

It is believed Old Earth had a night off just before Prof. CHANDLER discovered that unsteadiness about the poles.

Chili feels better and better towards us. Put that fact in Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving jug.

Peace reigns in Brazil. She is the one ruler entitled to a throne even in a Republic.

Brooklyn gives thanks for the return of plenty in her water supply.

The Cigar Trust is pronounced dead. Somebody weeded it out.

## THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Major Grant—For his many vacations.

Gov. Eliot Flower—For the campaign speeches he didn't make.

Senator Fassett—For the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his family.

Major McKinley—For being the discoverer of American flat.

President Harrison—For being able to hope for re-nomination.

Mr. Grover Cleveland—For Ruth.

Gov. Boies—For the unpopularity of cold water.

Abe Slipsky—For his free advertising.

Vice-President Morton—For (this is a hard one).

John L. Sullivan—For Slavin's refusal to fight him.

Assemblyman Sulzer—For his coming Speakership.

Carmenita—For her Spanish student.

James G. Blaine—For the fact that Platt isn't with him.

Princeton—For Yale's victory over Harvard.

Chauncey M. Depew—For the custom of dinner-giving.

Thomas C. Platt—For having his express company left.

Warner Miller—For having been out of it.

Sir Edwin Arnold—For the American lion hunter.

Prince of Wales—For the cloak of royalty.

Gov. Hill—For the fact that he is a Democrat.

Fred Gibbs—For his appellation of "wicked."

Senator Mills—For the misthreat about free trade.

Cesar of Russia—For not having been blown up.

Supreme Court Judge Kennedy—For the protection of the Bench.

Hans S. Beattie—For not being buried in street dirt.

Lillian Russell—For front seat attraction for audiences.

Senator Crisp—For his Speakership chances.

Barney Houppe—For knowing the safe way to jump.

Mrs. Frank Leslie—For having found the waters of perennial youth.

Justice Kelly—For not being impeached.

Col. Cleveland R. Halm—For New York's apathy.

Mrs. Leslie Carter—For the public gullibility.

Ex-Mayor Grace—For peace in Chili.

Narah Bernhard—For her American broodie.

Jimmy Morrissey—For his guileless smile.

Alderman Flynn—For the non-existence of the blanket ballot.

Gen. Dymenforth—For Texas's distance from civilization.

Secretary Greener—For getting \$2,400 a year out of the Grant Monument Fund.

Minister Early Bird Club—For his Galkways.

## THE CLEANER.

A Brooklyn friend yesterday purchased a package of Bridge tickets. Tearing one off he held it between his thumb and first finger, the remainder of the package being tightly clasped between the third and little fingers. Just as his hand was over the gatman's box a passenger hurrying to the train struck my friend on that peculiar nerve known as the "funny-bone." The muscular action caused his fingers to stiffen out and the package of tickets dropped into the box, leaving the one ticket in his hand.

The gateman who saw the accident sent the gentleman to the office, stating that he would be reimbursed for his loss from the "reserve fund." This fund consists of a cigar box full of coins which were battered out of all semblance to legal tenders by the mechanism of the ticket-chopping machines. The clerk in charge said that every day people drop money in the boxes by mistake. My friend took away the value of his tickets in the mutilated coin, which he keeps as a souvenir.

A friend, writing from San Francisco, describes a beautiful and novel snail dial in the Golden Gate Park. It is an immense floral circle, with Roman numerals in red varnishes arranged as on the dial of a clock. An ivy-covered pole in the center casts the shadow by which the time is indicated.

It was about midway between midnight and morning and the L train was winding the big curve on the Ninth avenue road when the steam-heating pipe broke at the coupling between the cars with a splash, a hiss and a cloud of vapor. A dozen daring passengers were started into half wakefulness and made a run for the door—all but a tremendously obese lady in a fur coat. Her escort was a ninety-pound man, with a badgered, heaped face. The heavy woman only wringed her boxing-glove hand into the lean one of the little man and then nestled down upon his little person with a happy "I'm fully-protected" expression of face. The rest, who were round the fight, were looking at the sight of this picture of womanly faith in her chosen knight.

A friend who lives in Youkers told me that he had heard that the old road had made a traffic arrangement with the New York and Northern Railroad to run through express trains between that place and the battery, and he added: "It's good news, but too good to be true." His opinion was confirmed by Col. Halm.

Fatal to Alliance Punks.  
[From the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.]  
Kansas farmers are paying off their mortgages at the rate of \$300,000 a month. No wonder the Alliance is disintegrating.

A Subject of Official Silence.  
[From the Philadelphia Times.]  
In discharging a clerk for writing a novel of Washington official life, the commissioner Baum straightened the old impression that the less said about this subject the better.

Email Job for an Ex-Tyrant.  
[From the Wilmington Star.]  
It is pretty well settled that Tom Reed will lead the Republican contingent in the next House of Representatives. The ex-tyrant will find that he has a light job on hand.

Too Democratic, Also, for This One.  
[From the Rochester Post-Express.]  
Probably the members of the (Republican) Committee thought that New York City was too big a place to be affected one way or another of a convention.

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**SKETCHES BY**  
**M. QUAD.**

Identifying a Trunk.  
It was at the baggage-rooms in the Erie Railroad depot. The woman had lost the check for her trunk, and as is usual in such cases where no suspicion is entertained she was asked to identify her baggage.



"Oh, I can pick that trunk out of a thousand. It was a zinc-covered trunk, with a strap around it, and it had a big W for White on each end. It was a trunk my sister bought in Cincinnati and paid \$6 for it, and after she got crippled up with rheumatism and couldn't get out any more she sold it to me for \$2. There it is now! I'd swear to that trunk in Africa."

"But about the contents, ma'am. You have the key?"  
"Of course I have. I had this key made in Buffalo last week. I lost the other key about a year ago, and always believed that Mrs. Robinson's baby swallowed it while I was there visiting. The poor thing had cramps for three months after I left, and she wrote me the other day that she never expected it would be a healthy child again."

"Describe the contents," said the officer as he pulled the trunk open.  
"Well, let me see. We'll begin with the till first. There's my bonnet in the bottom-box. I paid \$7 for it in Buffalo last year, and had over \$2 worth of trimmings out on last week. I don't know as I shall want to wear it once while here, but I thought I'd better bring it along. I was never quite satisfied with that bonnet, but I suppose—"

"What else?" interrupted the man.  
"There's a black fan which cost me 99 cents. I got it at a sale, and everybody says it was a bargain. My sister Emily was with me the day I bought it, and she could swear to it if necessary. She advised me to get a white fan, but I prefer—"

"I don't care about the fine particulars, ma'am."  
"Oh, you don't. Well, there's a black shawl in there which used to belong to my Aunt Eunice. She had it for ten years before she died, and then it fell to my mother. Let's see. That shawl must have been in our family for—"

"Go on, ma'am."  
"There's three corsets tied up together—much corsets. They don't amount to much, but I always hate to throw such things away. My sister here keeps her help, and I brought 'em along thinking her girl would be glad of 'em."  
"Why?"

"Then there's my black silk dress. I paid \$1.50 a yard for it in Buffalo, but I got cheated. I hadn't worn it but twice when the silk cracked and creased all up. I went back and told the clerk of it, but he wouldn't do anything about it. Next time I buy a silk dress I propose—"

"Never mind about the dress."  
"The waist is headed."  
"I don't care about that."

"Well, let's see! Oh! yes! on the bottom of the trunk are four sheets I was bringing to my sister. I made and bleached 'em myself. She's got four boys, and the way they took the sheets out is something awful. I don't suppose I could have brought her anything she would—"

"What else?"  
"There's a pair of gray pants on top the sheets—an old pair belonging to my husband. They are worn a little thin on the knees, but they will do to cut over for one of the boys. I've brought up three boys myself and I know how awful they are on pants. Sometimes it wouldn't be four weeks before—"

"You can have the trunk!" blurted replied the baggage man.  
"But there's a lot more things to mention yet. There's three pairs of new—"

"Take it away!"  
"And I forgot to tell you that there are—"

"If you want your trunk here it is!"  
"Well, I'll have the trunk take it away. I lost my check, and I wanted to satisfy you that it was my trunk. If you'd give me time I'd tell you about the black coat with the fur collar, and the two pairs of suspenders for the boys, and—"

The baggage-master walked off, and after waiting around two or three minutes with a disappointed and dejected look, she sorrowfully told the expressman to carry the trunk to his wagon.

M. Quad.

She Know Her Papa.  
A little girl aged nine called her father to her bedside the other evening. "Papa," said the little girl, "I want to ask you a question."  
"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"

The Strength of the Law Unimpaired.  
[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]  
It is an old story when the Boston tragedian, John Sullivan, doesn't signify his desire to fight somebody. The strength of his jaw remains unimpaired.

## CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Spread It Among the Poor Children of This City.

Send in Money or Gifts to Help Fill the Trees.

Thousands of Little Ones Look to You for a Little Pleasure.

Contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. Y. World, Publisher Building.  
All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.  
The American, National and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of 35 pounds weight and under addressed as above, free of charge.

## THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....	\$100.00
Previously acknowledged.....	\$78.49
Joseph B. Anderson.....	25
Mr. E. A. Lovell.....	25
E. Abbott Lovell, Jr.....	1.00
Florence Lovell.....	1.00
L. A. Robert-Clery.....	50
J. A. Costello.....	25
H. P. Gault, Jr.....	25
A. Cattaneo.....	25
M. A. Koff.....	50
James Walsh.....	50
C. Spadavacca.....	25
S. C. A. Lensek.....	25
V. Polovoz.....	25
J. B. Loring.....	25
S. S. Crenshaw.....	25
Thomas F. O'Connor.....	50
J. J. M.....	50
G. E. K.....	25
Pearl Putnam.....	1.00
Mrs. B. R. C.....	1.00
L. L. C.....	1.00
Cells and Irving Meehan.....	1.00
Ronald.....	1.00
C. Spadavacca.....	25
Five Little Orphans.....	50
Nellie.....	10
C. S. N.....	10
No Name.....	10

Only four weeks to Christmas Day, and 25,000 poor children are looking to THE EVENING WORLD for their Christmas presents. Thousands of homes may be brightened, and the souvenirs received on that day will bring smiles to many a pallid face for days afterwards.

All the arrangements have been perfected. Mr. George M. Wood, who has done such good work for the sick babies fund, will again have charge of the Christmas Tree arrangements.

Through the kindness of Dr. Napier Anderson, the well known architect, a spacious depot has been donated at 74 Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth street, where all parcels and packages should be sent.

Not to be outdone in generosity, the American, National and Westcott Express Companies have undertaken to transport free of charge all parcels weighing twenty-five pounds or less, if addressed to THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree, 74 Fifth Avenue.

Thousands of families can spare a package for the poor children; thousands of merchants and tradesmen have goods that through this channel may be incalculable good. Notify the express company to call, or instruct Manager Wood to send for them and the result will be attained.

Five tons of candy has already been ordered, and thousands of dolls.  
Toys of all descriptions for boys and girls; winter hats and summer clothing of all descriptions; books, food for the mind as well as body; fruits, nuts, canned goods, cakes, crackers and many other food products; warm socks, mitts, hoods and shawls—all are welcome.

Daniel Kennedy, the popular auctioneer of Broadway and Tenth street, sends on furniture for the Christmas Tree depot. The Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse Company, through Mr. Maxwell, contributes cartage and other facilities, and all indications point to a greater success than ever for THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree of Dec. 25, 1891.

Ronald's Big Mite.  
[To the Editor:]  
Mamma sends enclosed \$1.00 little towards the Christmas Fund for the little ones, and we wish it could be more.  
HOWARD.

Brother and Sister.  
[To the Editor:]  
Enclosed please find \$1 for the Christmas Tree Fund.  
CELIA AND IRVING MEEHAN.

Nellie's Dime.  
[To the Editor:]  
Enclosed 10 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund and I hope the children will have a happy time.  
NELLIE, eight years old.

From Pearl's Bank.  
[To the Editor:]  
Enclosed find \$1 taken from my bank, which I hope will do some little good.  
PEARL FITSHER, Asbury Park.

It Will.  
[To the Editor:]  
This dime is sent with a hope for Christmas. May it help to make some one happy.  
J. C. S.

Five Little Orphans.  
[To the Editor:]  
We are five little orphans and send 50 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund.  
FLORENCE WARRICK,  
ANIELA WARRICK,  
FRANKIE WARRICK,  
JIM O'WARRICK,  
JIM O'WARRICK,  
316 East Sixtieth Street.

A Voice from the Tombs.  
[To the Editor:]  
Enclosed please find 25 cents, all I have, which I gladly devote to the fund for the poor children, hoping my small amount will help to make some one happy.  
JOSEPH BARONDESS, Tombs Prison.

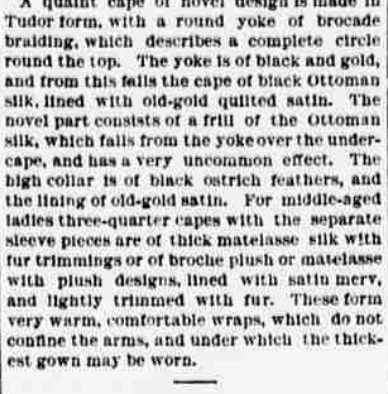
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## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A New Cape of Tudor Form—Revolution in Pin-Cushions—New Style in Skirts—Novelty in Dress Trimmings—Terry Cloth for Table Scarfs.

A quaint cape of novel design is made in Tudor form, with a round yoke of brocade braiding, which describes a complete circle round the top. The yoke is of black and gold, and from this falls the cape of black Ottoman silk, lined with old-gold quilted satin. The novel part consists of a frill of the Ottoman silk, which falls from the yoke over the under-cape, and has a very unobtrusive effect. The high collar is of black ostrich feathers, and the lining of old-gold satin. For middle-aged ladies three-quarter capes with the separate sleeve pieces are of thick maitresse silk with plush designs, lined with satin murex, and lightly trimmed with fur. These form very warm, cozy wraps, which do not confine the arms, and under which the thickest gown may be worn.



The audience was too stunned to applaud very much. It was at the end of the fourth act that Sarah received as much of an ovation as the chilly, uninteresting audiences of the Standard Theatre could give. She was called out four times before the curtain, and rather the curtain was raised four times, for Sarah never appears in front. (Imagine Bernhardt leading a procession and marching in front of the curtain, as managers are very fond of permitting their companies to do.) Sarah's support was not good. Mme. Jeanne Mica was a very feeble Princess de Bouillon, in memory of the first. The room the emotions that should have been seen on her face, when she indulges in the perfunctory talk with Adrienne, were absent. Hebel was an unsympathetic Maurice. Fleury as the Prince and Muno as Mischonnet did admirably.

Sarah, this week, has been rehearsing every day. She is the most indefatigable member of the company. She tires out her actors and actresses, fatigues Mr. Abney and his office and never appears to feel the effects of it herself.

A Temperance Town. Charles B. Hoyt's play will be presented in Columbus, O., March 15, and will then be sent on, upon a whirlwind of "boom," to the Madison Square Theatre, New York, where it will be presented at that house until then. It is doing very nicely indeed.

Miss Minnie Dupree, who left "The Cad" company because she wouldn't do specialties, has been engaged to play the Ingenue part in "Nelle," and has come to the city to join that company.

Scene: Hauler's office at Harrigan's Theatre. Hauler, dressed wearing his best diplomatic smile, his native affability and his air of benevolence. Hauler to his factotum: "Let me see each newspaper man separately, John, and tell each that I have been asking for him most anxiously. Must butter up the boys, you know. They think I'm the best fellow on earth, and could die to give 'em a line." (Enter Mr. Hauler.) "Ah, best old boy. I've news for you. We're going to play 'The Last of the Hogs' Dec. 25. I want you to tell this in confidence. I shan't tell anybody else, on my honor, good-bye, best old boy, and good luck." (Enter No. 2.)

"Hullo, old fellow. I promised that you should see the 'Hogs' in Columbus, O., and I have decided to do it Dec. 14. You are the only man who knows it. So long, old fellow." (Enter No. 3.) "The very man I wanted. You know I always tell you to keep your property near you. 'The Last of the Hogs' Dec. 14. Don't say you got it from me. Be truthful." (Enter No. 4.) "Hullo and the 400' is to be believed because it is done. We shall play 'The Last of the Hogs' Dec. 14. You are such a great friend of mine that I thought I'd tell you first. (Alone.) Now it's done. Each thinks I'm his friend for life. What rocks these mortals be, eh, Mart, old boy?"

Marie Jansen is singing a new waltz song entitled "The Merry Monarch" at the Broadway Theatre. It is by the same author as "Listen to my Heart" and it appears to have made a hit. There was another waltz in "The Merry Monarch" company last Sunday, when a popular property man was united to a chorus girl. The stage director, and the star himself were rather severely tried by the concerted efforts of the other members of the company Monday and Tuesday.

When "Cavalleria Rusticana" is dropped and "The Tyrolean" lengthened, Marie Tenepest is to have a part song for the Casino has discovered that it is a failure. The public want. It is an awful thing to put on record, but it is a fact that "Cavalleria Rusticana" lost it with Tenepest.

All theatres in Brooklyn will give a special holiday matinee this afternoon. At the Academy of Music "The Tar and Tartar" will hold forth; at the Park Theatre "Cora Tanner" will be seen in "Will She Divorce Him?" Roland Reed will give "The Club Friend" at the Amphitheatre; "O'Donoghue's" will make merry at Holmes' Star Theatre; Annie Wray Tiffany will be seen in "The Shepherdess" at the Boulevard Theatre; and "A Mile a Minute" will hold the boards at the Lee Avenue Academy. The two St. Johns and Burton theatres will give other favorites will appear at Huber & Gebhardt's Casino.

An Entirely Different Cause.  
[From Texas Tribune.]  
A pale-looking man went to a Harlem doctor for advice. The doctor examined all the man's symptoms, and then asked him if he slept sound at night.  
"No, I never sleep a wink at night. I never shut my eyes before daylight."  
"Ah," said the doctor, "that comes from nervousness, caused by using too much tobacco."  
"No, it's not that; I don't sleep at night because I have a bad dream about my wife and get out of bed until late in the afternoon."

Hornby's Oats.  
H.-O. is vastly more than oatmeal.

At the Horse Show.  
[From Punch.]  
Miss Footie—What is that awful scar on the polo pony's leg, Clarence?  
Mr. Walker—That's scar—where he was vaccinated, don'tcher know?

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